Prin. What ſaiſt thou, *Miſtris quickly*? how dow thy husband? I loue him well, he is an honeſt man.

Hoſt. Good my Lord heare me.

Fal. Prethee let her alone and liſt to me.

Prin. What ſaiſt thou *Iacke*?

Fal. The other night I fell a ſleepe here behind, the Arras, & had my pocket pickt, this houſe is turnde bawdy-houſe, they picke pockets.

Prin. what didſt thou looſe, *Iacke*?

Falſ. Wilt thou beleeue me, *Hal*? three or foure bonds of forty pounds a peece, and a ſeale Ring of my grandfathers.

Prin. A trifle, ſome eight penny matter.

Hoſt. So I told him my Lord, and I ſaid, I heard your Grace ſay ſo: and my Lord he ſpeakes moſt vilely of you, like a foule mouth'd man, as he is, and ſaid, he would cudgell you.

Prin. What he did not?

Hoſt. Ther's neither faith, truth, nor womanhood in me elſe.

Fal. There's no more faith in thee, then a ſtued Prune; nor no more truth in thee, then in a drawne Fox: and for Womanhood, Mayd-marian may be the Deputies wife of the ward to thee. Goe you thing, goe.

Hoſt. Say, what thing, what thing?

Fal. What thing? why, a thing to thanke God on.

Hoſt. I am no thing to thanke God on, I would thou ſhouldſt know it: I am an honeſt mans wife, and ſetting thy Knight-hood aſide, thou art a knaue to call me ſo.

Fal. Setting thy Woman-hood aſide, thou art a beaſt, to ſay otherwiſe.

Hoſt. Say, what beaſt, thou knaue thou?

Fal. What beaſt? why an Otter.

Prin. An Otter, *Sir Iohn*? why an Otter?

Fal. Why? ſhee's neither fiſh nor fleſh; a man knowes not where to haue her.

Hoſt. Thou art an vniuſt man in ſaying ſo; thou, or any man knowes where to haue me, thou knaue thou.

Prin. Thou ſayſt true *Hoſteſſe*, and hee ſlaunders thee moſt groſely.

Hoſt. So hee doth you, my Lord, and ſaid this other day,

You

You ought him a thouſand pou

Prin. Sarra, doe I owe you a th

Fal. A thouſand poud *Hal*? Million: thou oweſt me thy lou

Hoſt. Nay, my Lord, hee call cudggell you.

Fal. Did I, *Bardoll*?

Bar. Indeed, *Sir Iohn*, you ſai

Fal. Yea, if he ſaid my Ring w

Prin. I ſay tis Copper: darſt th

Fal. Why *Hal*? thou know but as thou art *Prince*, I feare t Lyons whelpe.

Prin. And why not as the Ly

Fal. The King himſelfe, is thou thinke Ile feare thee, as I f pray God my Girdle breake.

Prin. O, if it ſhould, how wou But ſarra, there's no roome for boſome of thine; it is all fild Charge an honeſt woman with horeſon impudent imboſt raſc pocket, but tauerne reckonin ſes, and one poore peniwort long-winded: if thy pocket w but theſe, I am a villaine; and not pocket vp wrong: art thou

Fal. Doeſt thou heare *Hal*? cencie, *Adam* fell: & what ſho daies of villany? thou ſeeſt, I h & therefore more frailty you co

Prin. It appeares ſo by the

Fal. Hoſteſſe, I forgiue thee: thy Husband, looke to thy Se ſhalt find me tractable to an pacified ſtill: nay, I prethee b Now *Hal*, to the newes at Co that anſwered?

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